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RUCK

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CUBA'S CHOICE.

EVENTS ARE FAST LIMITING HER TO ONE PATH.



ONLY THE SUBSTANCE.

THE COMPOSITOR.—Is that what the editor said?
THE DEVIL.—No; but dat's what he meant. I can't cuss like he did.

A PRETTY CLEAN RECORD.

THE LOBBYIST.—Yes; I believe he expects to be the next Senator for South Carolina, and, to tell the truth, his chances *do* look bright.

THE CONGRESSMAN.—H'mph! What's his record?

THE LOBBYIST.—Thirteen battles, of which eight were clean knockouts, three wins, and two draws.

DISCRIMINATION.

"You will surely concede," I insisted, "that the world as a whole is charitable."

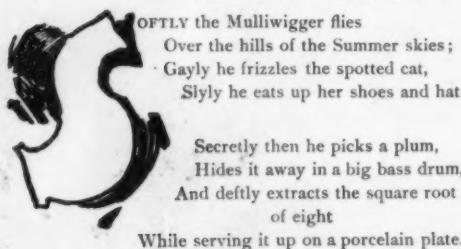
"Oh, yes," replied the man whose specialty was seeing the fly in the ointment; "it will give a man credit for good intentions long after it quits doing so for groceries."

a stage, and J. Pierpont Morgan is the driver. A trust won't trust you. Marriage is a lottery, wherein if you draw a blank you can not tear it up and throw it away. Fame is a shaved pig with a greased tail. Virtue is its own penalty. It is better not to love a short girl at the same time that you are loving a tall. He who laughs last generally supplements it with an equally aggravating "I-told-ye-so." It is well to keep on letting well enough alone. Time flies, and it is fly time with him all the year round. All flesh is grass and the bore is shredded wheat biscuit. A guilty conscience often wins fair lady. A faint heart should always look before it leaps. There's many a slip 'twixt the jug and the jag. There is no place like home and hence it is delightful to go visiting occasionally. Lives of great men should remind us that they are dead. *Et cetera*, which means "and so forth." And now, my son, if you will kindly remain quiescent for a reasonable period of time I will resume my interrupted reading.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Yes, sir; but I just wish you'd tell me why folks write it "folk" when they mean "folks," and if "folk" is right for several folks what is one "folk," and if two are "folk" how many more does it take to make "folkses?"

Tom P. Morgan.

THE MULLIWIGGER.



OFPLY the Mulliwigger flies
Over the hills of the Summer skies;
Gayly he frizzles the spotted cat,
Slyly he eats up her shoes and hat.

Secretly then he picks a plum,
Hides it away in a big bass drum,
And deftly extracts the square root
of eight
While serving it up on a porcelain plate.

Would you the Mulliwigger see?
Look for his nest in a Pogwog tree;
For there a wopsicum web he spins,
Sitting at ease in a paper of pins.

Carolyn Wells.

HE WISHED TO KNOW.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*with a rising inflection*).—Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS (*wearily*).—Uh?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, is it true that riches have wings?

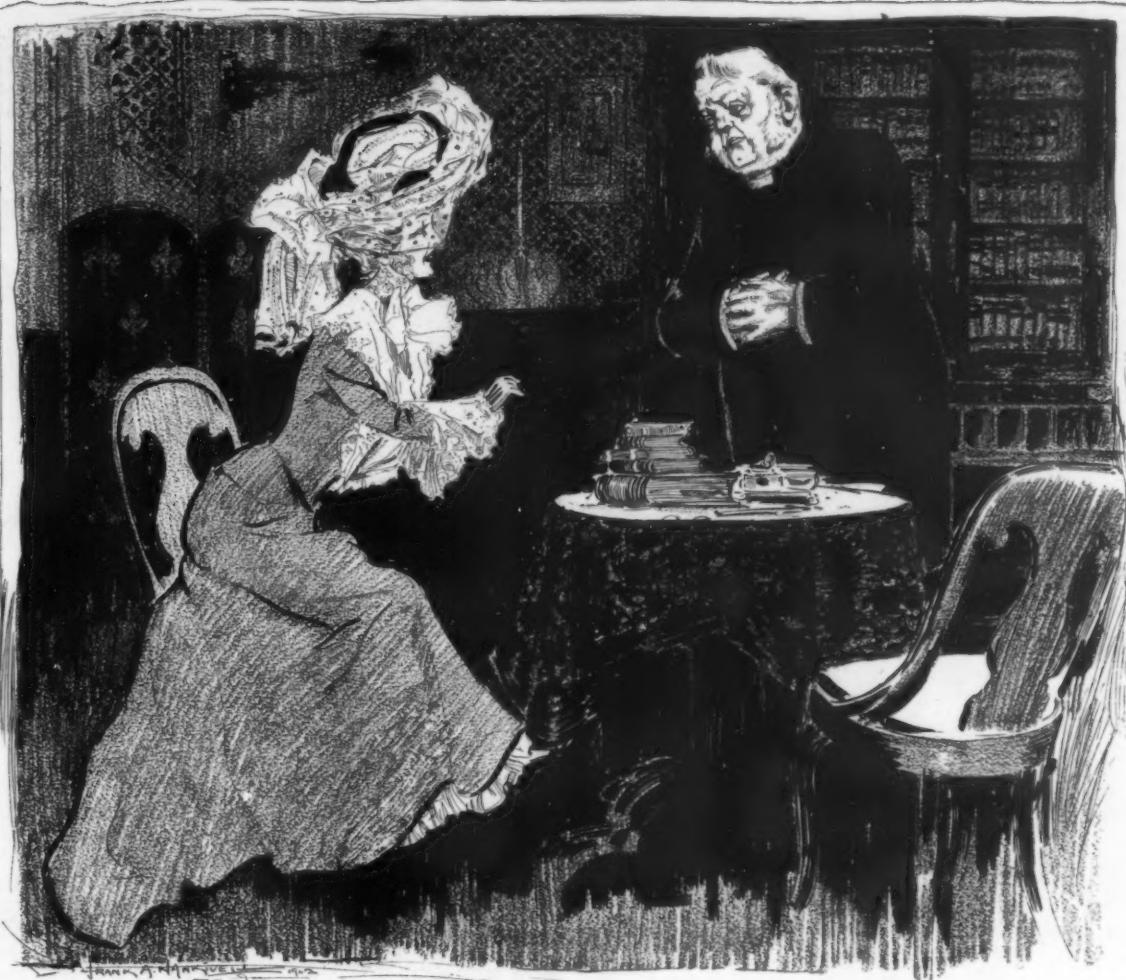
MR. CALLIPERS.—Yes, my son; they have wings, figuratively speaking, but, sad to say, do not often flock together. Also, he who steals your purse steals trash, but he who robs you of your good name takes from you that which very likely you never had. Likewise, all the world's



HIS FINISH.

"I'm afraid she has discovered that I have a 'past'!"
"Then it's all up with you. She'll marry you now, anyway!"

What most people need is not so much an aim in life as a range finder.



APPRECIATED.

"You mean the clergyman with whom you exchanged pulpits a few weeks ago? Oh, yes!

Mama liked him very much."

"Yes? She enjoyed the sermon?"

"Oh, yes! She says it does her heart good to listen to a preacher who has nothing to say against the Bible."

WHEN WOMAN VOTES.

(From the *Daily Extra*, Aug. 1, 1925.)

SENSATIONAL altercation occurred in the United States Senate yesterday. Mrs. Senator Ballotbox, in the course of her remarks, denounced Mrs. Senator Wirepuller as

a minion of the Millinery Trust. The accused stateswoman replied hotly that Mrs. Senator Ballotbox

was a mean, horrid thing and attempted to jab her with a parasol. Mrs. Senator Ballotbox prepared to defend herself with a hatpin. The Chairwoman rapped violently for order, and, finding this unavailing, went into hysterics. Fortunately, at this point, the fair combatants swooned simultaneously and order was soon restored.

Mutual friends of the Senators are trying to restore amicable relations, but, in view of the opinions which each has expressed in confidence, of the other, the result, as we go to press, is very much in doubt.

A UNIQUE SPECIMEN.

THE CITY MAN.—How much is that horse worth?

THE FARMER.—Waal, if you want him real bad he 's wuth a hundred and fifty dollars, but if you don't care much whether you have him or not he 's wuth about sixty-five.

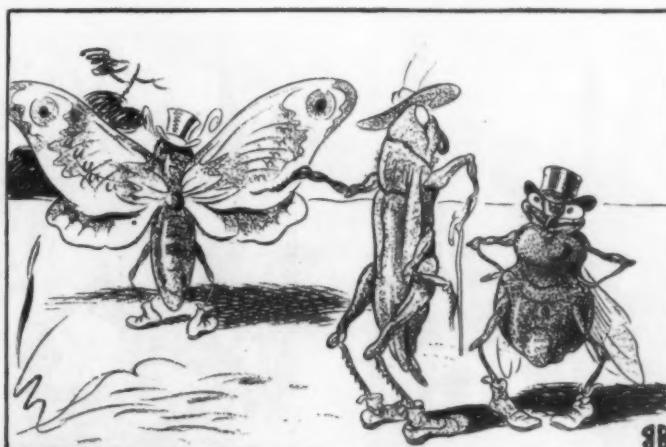
Be it recorded that the party of the second part was not an honest farmer in a comic picture, but an unfortunate agriculturalist who had had a stroke of paralysis and was living in constant fear of another and fatal one.

FORCE OF HABIT.

PERIQUE.—Now that Dr. Doser has an automobile he is better prepared to answer hurry calls.

ENFIELD.—It does not seem to have made much difference in him. He still claims that if he had reached you "a minute later it would have been too late!"

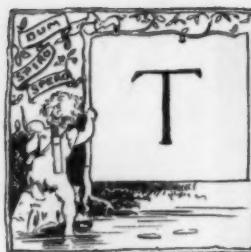
EGOTISM is not always as well satisfied with itself as it tries to make people believe.



NOT GENUINE.

THE GRASSHOPPER.—He looks like a butterfly, and he calls himself a butterfly, but I think he 's an impostor.

THE BLUE-BOTTLE.—May be he 's just an oleomargerine-fly!



THE JILT.

ERE 'S NO use trying to get around it. I have been jilted. Donald tried to break it to me gently, but I am not one of those who need houses to fall on them.

I told Donald when first he declared himself that I had a husband and that things might not be easy, but he felt sure he could make that all right. He said that if there was to be any trouble he would

marry one of my sisters. That, he said, with an airy wave of his hand, could be settled when we got to the marrying-place. "First," he said, "I will take you and your husband and all of your sisters to dinner; then we will go to the marrying-place, and I can decide which one of you I will marry."

I explained to him that to vacillate was a trick as old as the hills, and I told him that it would n't go in our family. Said I, sternly, "You must make your decision and stick to it. You must marry the one you like best."

"Well," said Donald, surveying us all critically, through half-shut lids, "any one of you would do, but—" with a burst of affection, as he threw his arms around my neck, "you are the one I love the best. I will marry you."

Can you wonder then that I supposed the thing was settled? Especially, after I presented him on his seventh birthday with a brothral ring, brave with our full quota of initials—mine to his—which went quite around the whole ring. This, being a reversal of ordinary usage, I will explain that Donald wanted a ring, and I did n't, and I had the price of a ring and Donald had n't.

These things always right themselves with persons who are as frank as Donald and I.

Then there were the presents; mine to him, and his to me. Edibles, usually, for our tastes were one and rather simple. Lemon tarts and nigger-y looking red and yellow cakes, with a top-thatch of cocoanut were his favorites; while I adored a certain kind of taffy which came in little boxes with a nickel unblushingly emblazoned on the cover.

These we fondly tendered each other whenever I had any small change about me, and when Donald could pry open his bank. Then, too, there was the cinnamon essence which we put into little bottles of water and sucked up with wooden tooth-picks. This, I never really liked the taste of, and the manner of getting at it seemed uncommon nasty; but Donald said that all the boys in his room in school did it, so I consumed quantities of it. What



A FULL LINE.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Ach, Levi, I haf swallowed nearly all dot last vase.

MR. COHENSTEIN.—Never mindt, Rachel; dere vos plenty more vere dat von came from.

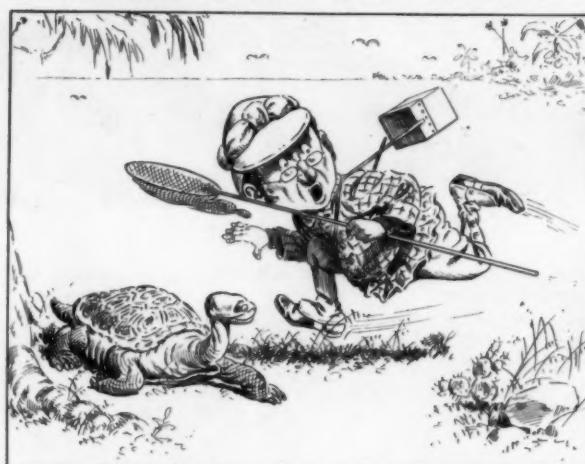
will not one do when one is in love? And the long walks in the Summer evenings, past pretty cottages to choose which one we should buy when we were married. I liked best the nice vine-covered ones with a little porch over the door, but Donald went in more for bird-houses and weather-vanes. Indeed, so long as there was a weather-cock or a pigeon-cote, any sort of an old house would do; "for," said he, "we can have your husband's house for our *really* house and just use this one for our play-house."

Never could you imagine the number of things we gave up for each other. I gave up eating chocolates because Donald's mother did n't allow him to eat them, and he gave up being a sailor because I was afraid he would get drowned. Could there be a deeper devotion than ours?

And now I am thrown over for Lola (whoever Lola may be). I suspected this when he came home from his Summer trip, but the blow fell when he lunched with me one day last week.

Even as he spoke he was gorged with the lemon-tarts and the cream cakes for which I had paid.

"Which"—said he, looking off



I.
PROF. BUGG.—It certainly seems like a predicament this time. However, I've escaped from worse scrapes than—



II.

—“this. Gracious! I did n't observe that *Testudo Indica*. How opportune!”



III.

TIGER.—Well! I've certainly got the Professor in a hole this time.

PUCK



NATURAL GRIEF.

FARMER MEDDERS.—Poor ole Si Perkins does feel terrible since his boy died.

FARMER JONES.—Yes. He hain't got no excuse fer goin' tew ther circus now!

out at the window that he might not see my pain, "Which would you *really* rather? Have me for your little boy, or marry me?"

"Which would *you* rather?" I asked, generously.

"Well, you see there 's Lola," said he, very gravely.

"Who is this Lola?" I inquired, severely.

"Why, she is a lady who has *no husband*," replied my whilom fiancé.

"And is she pretty?" asked I.

"Pretty! Oh! If *only* she was a little girl!" cried Donald, with ardor and regret.

Then I looked off out at the window.

"You won't care," said Donald, coming around to my chair and giving me a tremendous hug. "You always liked your husband best."

"Yes," said I; "luckily for me, I always did."

Here we fell to eating as though nothing had happened, but I could see by Donald's face that he was relieved to have it over so easily, and thankful that I had taken it so well.

"Donald," said I, "young or old, you are all exactly alike."

Marie More Marsh.

COMPROMISE.

"Why should religion and science quarrel?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Why not say that man is descended from the monkey Eve made of Adam and let it go at that?"

By ACTIVE hustling some people are able to make both ends meet, but mighty few can make them lap over enough to be riveted.



IV.

PROF. BUGG.—Nothing like presence of mind in a tight place.



V.

— "It certainly was kind in him to shake down these cocoanuts for me. He! He!"

PUCK

HIS PREFERENCE.



HUZ lots o' things I like t' do;
But what I like th' best
Is jess t' kinder take life slow,
An' lie aroun' an' rest.

It seems t' me it's jess like this:
We come an' here we be,
An' workin' hard don't help it none,
As fer as I kin see.

An' so I say, jess take life slow,
An' when you're with the blest
You'll feel a dern-sight more t' home
Fer havin' took yer rest!

Walter Jones Willson.

DISCOURAGING.

"The most discouraging circumstance," said the mission teacher, "is the indifference of the poor to the education of their children. For example, we have a little boy who, owing to a congenital defect, can not learn to play rationally. A simple trephining of the skull would relieve him, and this would cost only five hundred dollars, yet we can not get the child's parents to do anything in the matter. It's enough to take the heart all out of one!"

CRITICISM.

SIDNEY.—How do you like "Belinda Bubble, of Bubbleville Hall?"

RODNEY.—Oh! It is a novel which will captivate all those people who move their lips when they read.



BOTH OLD ENOUGH.

"This is my husband, Mr. Olebuck. I suppose you were surprised to hear we were married?"

"Not at all! I should have thought it might have happened long ago!"

EVIDENTLY "PROTECTED."

JOHNSON.—Mose Mokey am tryin' ter eat a chicken a day fo' thuhty days in secession.

JACKSON.—Great Heabens! Who fixed de perlice?



AS AGE CREEPS ON.

THE SOUBRETTE.—There goes the leading lady. She had the worst case of hysterics I ever saw, last night.

THE ACTOR.—What caused it?

THE SOUBRETTE.—She had just read a letter from an editor asking her to write her reminiscences of the stage, for his magazine.

***I*t depends not alone on the opportunity but on the man. Some men would n't make money if they were on the police force.**

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CUBA'S TRUMP CARD. CUBA's new tariff law, which plainly discriminates against the exports of the United States, puts the Cuban problem generally in an altered light. It is not often that Americans, patriotic and sincere in their love of country, are justified in admiring foreign antagonism, but in Cuba's case the rare exception holds good. Cuba, with eyes finally opened to her status and prospects at Washington, decides to reship the Senate's medicine back to Uncle Sam for allopathic dosing; a dosing which no mixture of Beet Sugar will sweeten or make palatable. Cuba meets the senatorial cry of "No Concessions" with a reinforced echo of the same defiance. If the United States, which was weak once, will give no aid to those who are weak to-day, then Cuba, representing the latter, will try to be independent in fact as well as in name. Spunk, grit, pluck best describe her stand. Now we shall await with interest the outcome here. On sentimental grounds, Cuba's right to aid from the United States was denied. Motives of patriotism, recollection of promises and sense of duty and decency alike failed to rouse the national legislature. There has been no good reason, moreover, for believing that next session would usher in a change of heart, despite the President's determined attitude and the national approval of his course. With the enactment of the Cuban tariff, however, a new pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress, a pressure unceasing and relentless. It will come from the powerful shipping interests, whose export business the Island tariff seriously threatens. In seeking for a source of responsibility, the exporters will not look to Cuba. They will not blame the new republic because it seeks to raise money to support itself. They will knock loud and unmistakably upon the Congressional door at Washington and demand that lobbying in behalf of protected monopolies cease and that real progress be made toward reciprocity. When Cuba alone suffered from reciprocity's absence, Congressional indifference was marked; but the same indifference is not likely to continue when some of the disadvantages are felt in home territory. Annexation of Cuba is still a distant issue, notwithstanding talk to the contrary by Senator Elkins and other opponents of reciprocal legislation. According to these men, we should harass and oppress Cuba as much as possible and then, with more force than persuasion, drag her into the union. Perhaps that is annexation from some points of view; but from others, it strongly resembles sand-bagging. Annexation is bound to come in time, for the best interests of both Cuba and this country will require it, but bullying into subjection is not annexation. For the latter, reciprocity will best pave a way.

DIVINE REPRESENTATIVES. THE calamitous coal strike has not been wholly barren of benefit. For instance, it has settled once for all the right of the mine owners to do as they please; that is, in so far as the public has power to contradict them. Until recently, it was supposed that the coal barons were custodians of a public trust, to a mild extent, but from the inspired pen of President Baer of the Reading Company, we learn that they are responsible to no one but God; "who, in His infinite wisdom, has given them control of the property interests of the country." This piece of inside information is especially timely. It quells those unpleasant persons who thought that coal barons were dependent upon public franchises for their right

to operate. It explains likewise that Pennsylvania's Promised Land of coal is a Heaven sent gift and implies that somewhere in the ranks of the mine owners, there lurks a Moses and a Joshua. Seeing darkly no longer, we may now comprehend that which formerly baffled us. When the coal barons declared, "There is nothing to arbitrate," they merely repeated, it seems, a divine ultimatum. And perhaps their unparalleled inactivity since may have been in consequence of another—and as yet unpublished—command. Perhaps, also, "God in His infinite wisdom" taught the coal barons and the railroads to combine and thereby to control all avenues of exit from the mines to the market. Incidentally, to control, in the same degree, the wholesale price of anthracite. Somehow or other, and with all due respect to President Baer, we can not help feeling that human, rather than divine, agencies have been busiest in the coal regions. Mine owners, tempted in future to write letters, should remember that passage from Proverbs: "In the multitude of words, there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

THE CONSUMER'S PRIVILEGE.

THE mild scare, caused by Russia's Anti-PRIVILEGE. Trust demonstration, seems to have died out. Whether the Czar's invitation to the United States included an R. S. V. P. we do not know, but it would be perfectly proper in any case to plead a previous engagement. Etiquette offers no precedent for international correspondence, when such correspondence is purely social in character. There has been some dispute in this country whether the Czar's conference would take the form of a five o'clock tea, a charity euchre or the annual meeting of a women's reform club. Which would do the most to jeopardize the trade supremacy of the United States is a matter of individual opinion. Americans, apparently, are not flustered. As long as Europeans eat, just so long will American farm products be sought in European markets. Europe cannot raise food enough to feed her own people. Therefore, she has no choice between hunger and American aid. In regard to manufactured articles, the situation is wholly commercial. Americans sell their goods in Europe cheaper, as a rule, than any foreign competitor. Incidentally, they sell them for much less than American consumers are forced to pay, high prices here making that arrangement possible. Then why, if American manufacturers can undersell Europe in Europe's own market, need they fear European competition in the United States? They do not fear it. But the agitation of alleged danger serves to keep up the obsolete high tariff, and the high tariff, in turn, keeps up the era of high prices. The European has no case against the invading American trust. He profits by it. His living expenses are reduced by it. For his benefit, the American consumer stands perpetual treat.



HOW IT WORKED IN FROZEN DOG.

BRONCO BILL.—We hed ter expel that temperance exhorter fer th' good uv the community.

GRIZZLY PETE.—How 's that? I thought th' boys wuz all signing th' pledge?

BRONCO BILL.—They wuz! An' got ter shootin' so blame straight that we would n't hav hed no community left in a little while!



THE EUROPEAN PARTI



AN PARTINGTONS.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



APPARENTLY.

THE LION.—Well, anyhow, it looks as if he was going to escape an awful headache in the morning!

HIS DESIRE.

"Now, here, Professor," grimly said the Old Codger, after decoying the instructor of elocution, off to one side and hooking a finger through the talented man's button-hole, "if, instead of teachin' my niece, at fifty cents per lesson, how to let us know that Curfew shall not Ring to-night, and that we hold her not, no, no, nor can, and all such as that, with appropriate and heartrendin' genuflections, so to describe 'em — if you 'll instruct her how to give on her vocal organs an exact and continuous imitation of the graveyard of a deaf and dumb asylum at the dead hour of midnight, I'll give you ten dollars in cash and a pretty fair shotgun, and recommend you to all the rest of the long-sufferin' bachelor uncles in the community as a man and brother. Come, now!"



ALAS!

The American girl counts her money to-day,
And then, to the public's great sorrow,
A penniless nobleman comes o'er the sea
And she money's her count on the morrow.

husband go downstairs to find out.

MRS. JONES.—Did he want to go?

MRS. BROWN.—Well, she says he never was easier to manage.

IN CHICAGO.

They now are getting so polite
That it is rumored, when
The minister has married you,
He whispers, "Come again!"

RUDE.

"You are Christian, and still you practice polygamy?" we exclaimed.

The datto, or native chief, hung his head in confusion.

"We are a rude people," said he, "and when we embraced Christianity we just naturally mussed it some."



A RISE IN ESTIMATION.

MR. GOTROX.—Your friends won't think any more of you for spending your money so freely.

CHOLLY GOTROX.—Oh! Some of 'em do, Dad; — some of 'em actually think I 'm a wine-agent!

One of the great needs of the age is invisible cosmetics.

PUCK

POETRY.

ITS NATURE, COMPOSITION AND OBJECT; BEING AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE AND FIRST BOOK FOR USE IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.



POETRY is of an especially poetical nature, and when accurately written and devoted to suitable themes it is capable of giving great pleasure, and even of challenging the admiration of scholars.

The loftiest themes for the Muse are Virtue, Temperance, Patriotism, Philanthropy and Domestic Affection, and it is sad to reflect that these matters do not always engross the efforts of our poets.

Poetry must be divided into bucolic, lyric, alcoholic, etc., each kind of poetry being more especially appropriate to its own appropriate subject.

Nothing more surely characterizes the true poet than his choice of a style for any given subject. We do not exactly know that any poet ever made a mistake in this regard, but the pupil should impress the distinction clearly upon his mind, so that he may make a good recitation and some day become a professor himself.

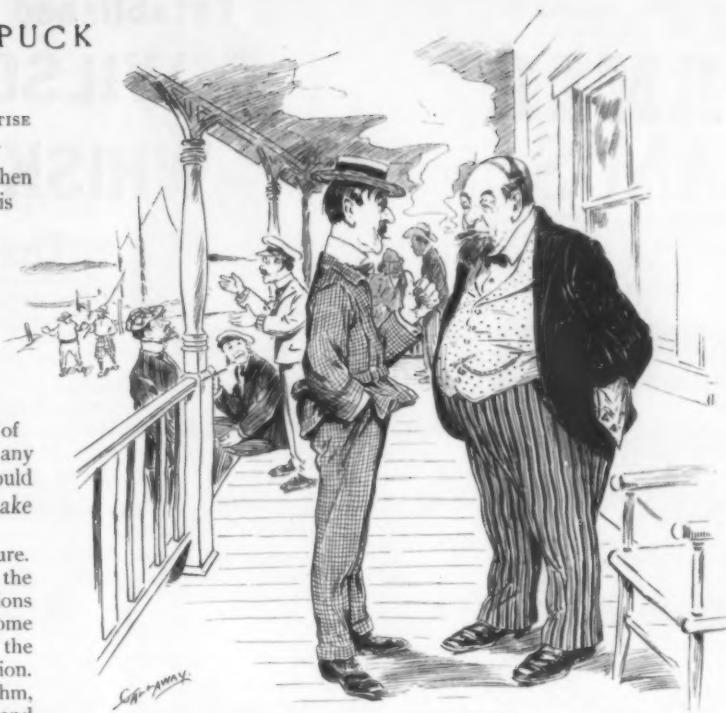
In real life poetry is sometimes of a wild and predatory nature. In hard Winters poets not infrequently leave their lairs in the mountain fastnesses of Olympus and descend upon the habitations of Man, selling their poems to whoever may be all abroad. Some poems seem to possess a certain charm which attracts and holds the victim. Some poems do not. These latter are sold by subscription.

Poetry is composed of just enough meter, rhyme, rhythm, onomatopœia to make up with a due consideration of Prose, and Hints to Teachers, a good fat book on Composition and Rhetoric, which, with a few other books, furnishes the necessary basis for a prime feature in every College, its Chair of English Language, Literature and Belles-Lettres, which chair, by the way, runs out of English before it gets itself named.

It is wonderful and studious to reflect how two or three poets of long ago have established good jobs for endless generations of horse-headed professors of Literature and Belles-Lettres. And it is wonderful to consider the ingratitude of these beneficiaries who do not conceal that Burns drank when the signs were right, and that Shakspeare, alas! was shy on conjugalitudo and love of home.

We must now make the usual statement that poetry is composed of similes, metaphors, hyperboles, synecdoches, and especially of Personification. So is Prose. Paintings are composed of colors. In determining whether a color-scheme is a painting or a red wagon we have recourse to regular tests taught us in college; and in attempting to accurately distinguish what is poetry we should always ask somebody that knows.

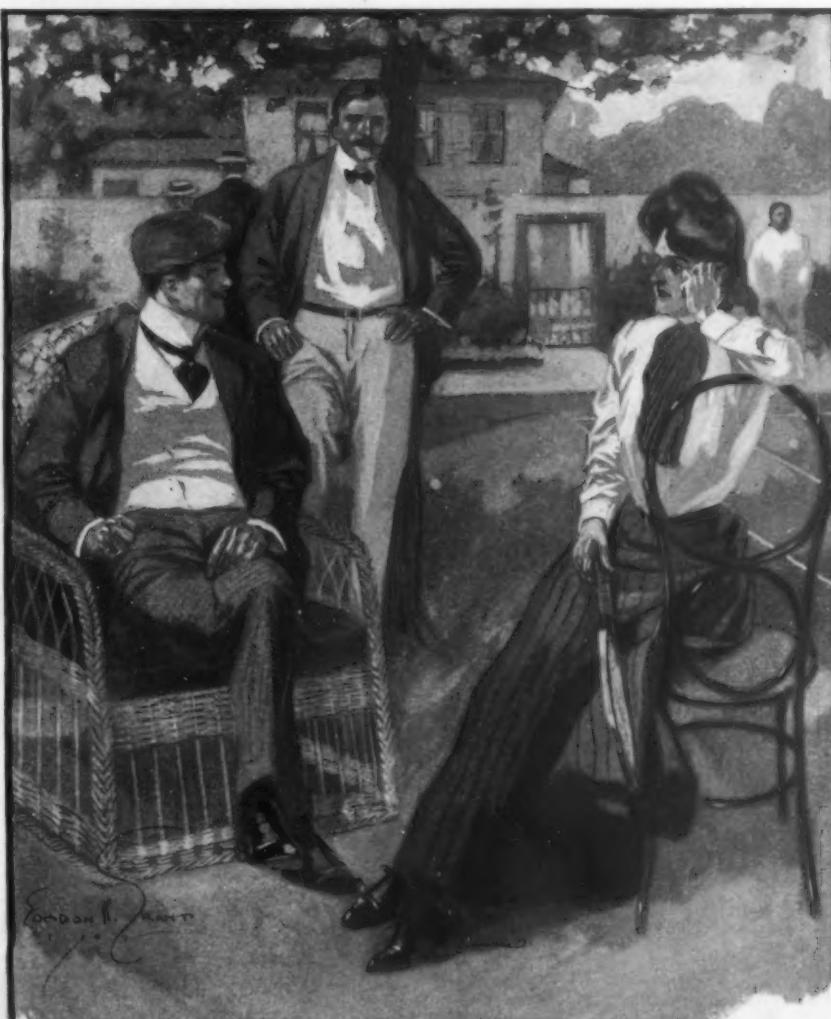
As to the object of poetry there is a difference. Some poetry, carelessly written, has no more object than a game of ball, or looking at the evening star,



WHERE THEY WERE LAVISH.

"I suppose your Summer boarders keep your table well supplied with fish?"

"Not so well as they keep it supplied with fish stories."



AN INVARIABLE STANDARD.

"He says she is his ideal."

"I suppose she is. In fact, I think he never falls in love with a girl who is n't."

or going among the ricks of barley. True poetry, however, has ever a worthy object, as to inculcate great lessons, to breathe the spirit of the age, to voice the eternal aspirations of humanity, and such like. Often the object of poetry is to deceive. If a poem can deceive the lay reader into imagining that he is a prime judge of poetry the writer will not himself have to go over the hill to the poorhouse.

In writing poetry much care should be exercised and the loftiest flights should not be attempted until the pupil is well advanced in the last year's work. Whenever the pupil is at a loss for a poetical thought or a golden expression, there should be no hesitation in applying at once to the professor or the janitor for aid.

As to the quality of poetry for permanent commercial demand, there is no middle ground. People require that their permanent poetry should be hot stuff. Burning Sappho loved and sung and made a success. If a poet does n't burn, people burn his poetry.

THE SOHMER HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 32d St. in Greater New
York.

As in Coffee—so in Cocoa:
The Quality and Flavor
depend mainly on the
Quality of Beans used
and the Blending.



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



NO AMATEURS.

SUMMER HOTEL DOCTOR.—I hope there will be no mistakes in administering these medicines.

SERVANT.—Have no fear, Doctor. I am a professional nurse, and Madam is a professional invalid. — *New York Weekly*.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

AN ARDUOUS TASK.

"Your husband has been promoted, has n't he?"
"Yes; he is the clerk who issues the marriage licenses now; but I'm afraid he can't hold the job. The work is too hard."

"Too hard?"

"Yes, indeed! The other night he came home late and all tired out, and he had n't issued but one license during the whole day."

"Good gracious! Only one?"

"Yes. It was for Silvio Aleszandrellometzeia-Koczveitchenblvom and Marie Vaslavavitchodzrkglfxetzenkoff." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

DIVERSE APPETITES.

"I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?" said the man who is always finding something peculiar in life.

"Oh!" answered the person who likes plain food. "There is no accounting for taste. If a donkey were to give the matter a thought I suppose he would wonder why human beings eat olives." — *Washington Star*.

THE POOR MULE.

A rural exchange gives the following news item, without comment:

"On Wednesday last a negro on Major Jones's plantation was kicked on the head by a mule. The mule was a fine animal, and its left leg was broken." — *Atlanta Constitution*.



The High Standard of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is the result of

Selected Rye,
Careful Distillation,
Thorough Ageing,

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



IMMUNE.

"The aniseed bag is being hunted quite vigorously this season."
"Yes; but it is n't in any danger of becoming extinct."

THEY OUGHT TO BE.

"A couple were married in St. Louis the other day who could n't understand each other's language," said Mrs. Gilley.

"And I suppose that they are unspeakably happy," commented Mr. Gilley. — *Detroit Free Press*.

WE are proud to relate that we know so little about Society that we don't know whether the girls are playing "The Storm" for their company piece, or "The Maiden's Prayer." — *Atchison Globe*.

"TROUBLED with dyspepsia, are you? Did you ever try any of my medicine?" asked the druggist.

"Oh, yes; but that was n't that that gave it to me. I had it long before I took any of your stuff." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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"Ah don't take no stock in dis vegetarian diet," said Charcoal Eph, in one of his ruminating moods; "leastwise, not on well chickens is in de vegetable kingdom. Some o' de breas', Mistah Jackson?"—*Baltimore News*.

NOT SO EASY.

LABORER.—It's an actor ye are? Sure you have aisy toimes."

ACTOR.—Easy, is it? Just you take a leading part in a Russian play, and try to look half-frozen in a Siberian snowstorm on a stifling hot July night, and see.—*New York Weekly*.

SAYS a colored philosopher: "De good things er dis worl' is done up in small packages. De only trouble is, most folks is after de bushel measure."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE OPINION OF A VICTIM.

"There is one good thing about the Panama canal."

"What's that?"

"You are not worried for fear some fellow with a cheap imitation will exchange with you at a restaurant."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AN EXAMPLE.

"Now, Willy, you may give me a sentence that will be easy to parse."

"Yes'm. How's this one: 'Said the sparse, parsimonious parson: Parse the parsnips!'"—*Baltimore News*.

NO MAN is smart enough to land in a strange town and pick out a good five-cent cigar.—*Atchison Globe*.

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"Because," answered the city editor, "he wrote a weather story without once mentioning 'Jupiter Pluvius' or 'Old Sol.'"—*Washington Star*.

Too many persons are looking for an impersonal religion.—*Ram's Horn*.

IT is sometimes convenient to mistake prejudice for conscience.—*Ram's Horn*.

THE women are worked by peddlers; but when a man is done up he says it was "an agent."—*Atchison Globe*.

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THE EQUALITY OF MAN.

HOTHEAD.—I claim that I am as good as any man.

BIGHEAD.—That's not the point. Do you admit that you are no better than any other man?—*Toronto Moon*.

IT is presumed that the dwellers about the North Pole are a people of low degree.—*Birmingham News*.

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